



No. 5

\$2.00

\$2.60 Canada

# Prehistoric Tales



MARK SCHULTZ  
© 1987

# PRECAMBRIAN TIME

## PERIOD

CAMBRIAN

ORDOVICIAN

SILURIAN

DEVONIAN

MISSISSIPPIAN

PENNSYLVANIAN

PERMIAN

TRIASSIC

JURASSIC

CRETACEOUS

TERTIARY

QUATERNARY

MILLIONS OF  
YEARS AGO

570

500

435

410

360

330

290

240

205

140

65

2

Some think the seeds of the Cenozoic's cataclysmic demise were sown as early as the eighteenth century. What is known is that by 1987 A.D., the series of geological upheavals that would signal the unprecedented fall of an era had already begun.

Although the enormous pattern and unfortunate cause behind the global catastrophe would not be discovered until many years later, by the early twenty-first century, mankind had begun its retreat from an increasingly inhospitable surface to the safety of vast subterranean shelters.

By 2020 A.D., the churning, spitting Earth came to a boil. Billions died and entire species were consumed. The few surviving humans huddled in their scattered iron and steel tombs and waited...

Four hundred and fifty years after it had sealed itself off, mankind returned to the daylight, and was greeted by a radically altered world...A world that logically should not exist...A world fully populated by an unprecedented, eclectic ecosystem!

Now, come with us through beauty and terror, mystery and paradox. Come with us to the...

# XENOZOIC ERA

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XENOZOIC TALES No. 5, February 1988. Published by Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968. Entire contents copyright © 1988 by Mark Schultz. All rights reserved. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintentional. Price: \$2.00 U.S.; \$2.80 Canada. Letters: We gotta have 'em. Why are you depriving us? Haven't we given you the best years of our lives? Ingrates! All will be forgiven if you write, and hurry before the postage goes up. Retailers: contact us for distribution information. Collectors and readers: Write us for free catalog of our other fine books, magazines, comics, posters, buttons, etc. available. If you need back issues of XenoZoic Tales, we got 'em. Watch for Issue No. 6 in May, 1988, when that lovable space cadet Remfro takes off into the very wild blue yonder. Printed in U.S.A.



# EXCURSION

## WELCOME BACK TO THE XENOZOIC!

IT IS THE SECOND DAY FOLLOWING  
THEIR ADVENTURE IN THE CITY'S  
TREASURE VAULTS. NOW JACK  
TENREC MOVES TOWARD AN  
EARLY MORNING CONFRONTATION  
WITH HANNAH DUNDEE. SO  
DOES THE WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCE  
CONTINUALLY DRAW THE  
UNSUSPECTING TOGETHER...



MARK SCHULTZ  
© 1988



C'MON...  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
IN THERE...

BAM  
BAM



JACK?

FOR  
CRYIN' OUT  
LOUD!  
I JUST GOT  
TO BED...



UP ALL NIGHT, HUH? AS IT  
APPEARS YOU'RE ALONE, I'LL  
BET YOU'VE FOUND A  
**GOOD BOOK!**



WHAT'S  
THAT  
SUPPOSED  
TO MEAN  
?

IT MEANS THAT A TRUSTWORTHY  
SOURCE HAS INFORMED ME  
THAT A **BOOK** WAS STOLEN  
FROM THE LIBRARY  
VAULT DURING OUR  
RECENT JUNKET.

**COINCIDEN-  
TALLY**, A LATE  
20<sup>th</sup> CENTURY  
SCIENCE BOOK.



SO WHY HASN'T  
THE **GOVERNING  
COUNCIL** COME TO  
ME WITH THIS  
CHARGE?

MAYBE THEY'RE  
TOO **EMBARRASSED**  
TO DEAL WITH YOU  
THEMSELVES.



YOU MEAN WITH ALL THOSE  
VOLUMES LOST IN THE FLOOD,  
THEY THINK I STOLE **ONE**  
LOUSY BOOK?



WHAT'S  
**THIS?**

IT'S A **TRITON NET** I'M  
WORKING ON. PART OF THE TRADE AGREEMENT  
WE WORKED OUT CALLS FOR THE WASSOON  
TO HELP IMPROVE YOUR TRIBE'S ABILITY  
TO GATHER FOOD FROM THE SEA. THERE  
ARE RESOURCES  
DOWN THERE YOU'RE  
IGNORING.



WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT THE...uh...**MOLES** HAVE ALL BEEN ROTATED TO THE SURFACE. THEY'RE NOT VERY HAPPY TO BE TOPSIDE AGAIN, BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO ADJUST. SEEMS THEY BECAME A LITTLE... **INTROVERTED** DOWN THERE.



BY THE WAY, TENREC...ONE OF THE **MOLES**... **USHIJIMA**... MENTIONED HE GAVE YOU SOME INFORMATION. YOU TOLD HIM YOU'D BRING IT TO THE COUNCIL'S ATTENTION?



IT'S...IT'S NOTHING THAT CAN'T WAIT, GOVERNOR DAHLGREN.



YOU TWO HAVE A SAFE TRIP...

WHEREVER YOU'RE HEADED.







SO YOU WERE....ummm...  
TALKING WITH USHIJIMA?

DON'T  
PLAY CUTE.  
YOU *KNOW*  
I WAS.



WHO ELSE  
COULD HAVE SEEN  
YOU SWIPE THAT  
BOOK?

AND  
YOU  
*BELIEVE*  
HIM!



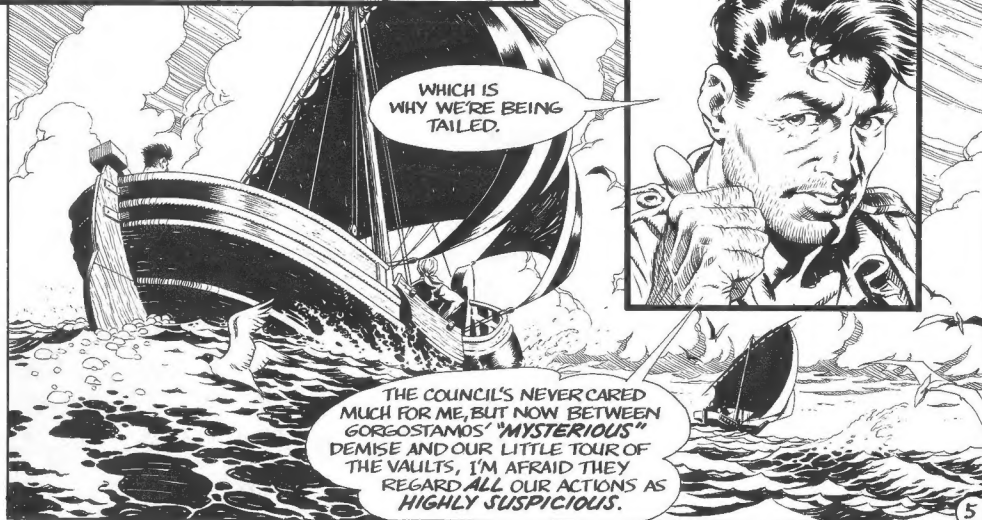
WHAT IS THIS...*BLACKMAIL*? YOU THINK I'LL  
COOL MY OPPOSITION TO YOUR ANTI-POACHING JIHAD?

*BAH!*  
THAT'S NO  
PROBLEM!

NO, YOUR  
SECRET'S  
SAFE WITH ME!  
*WHAT*  
SECRET?  
I'VE  
ADMITTED  
*NOTHING*!



...THIS IN  
SPITE OF THE FACT  
THAT I'M UP TO  
MY ARMPITS IN  
*SLITHER*  
*GUANO*  
WITH THE  
GOVERNORS...



WHICH IS  
WHY WE'RE BEING  
TAILED.

THE COUNCIL'S NEVER CARED  
MUCH FOR ME, BUT NOW BETWEEN  
GORGOSTAMOS' "*MYSTERIOUS*"  
DEMISE AND OUR LITTLE TOUR OF  
THE VAULTS, I'M AFRAID THEY  
REGARD *ALL* OUR ACTIONS AS  
*HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS*.







"I'm sure you already know that we are a tribe of mighty hunters and fishermen..."



"But we are also a tribe of *scholars*... descended directly from the great lords of the ancient world."



"As such, we preserve and pass on as much of the ancient disciplines as are remembered. Our city...unlike *yours*...was left with no pre-cataclysmic writings. We have composed all our texts from *memory*."

"Through contact with poachers driven from the north, we learned of your city's vaults...and the *library*."

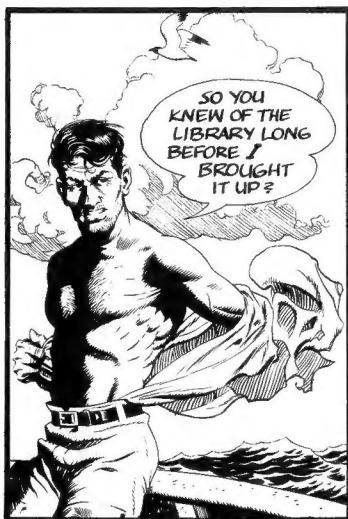
To a people with only a *spoken* tradition, the knowledge in those vaults...fixed...immutable...pulls like a *magnet*."



"The rest you can figure out..."

I WAS CHOSEN TO OPEN RELATIONS BETWEEN OUR TRIBES...TO FORGE A TRADE AGREEMENT... BUT *MOST* IMPORTANT, TO NEGOTIATE FOR WASSOON ACCESS TO THE *LIBRARY*...



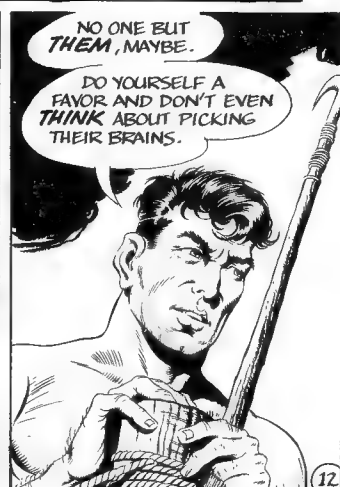
















I'D BE HAPPY JUST TO  
**SEE** ONE AGAIN.

LET'S SET THE  
OTHER NETS UP  
OVER HERE.

YOU'LL  
SEE 'EM  
AGAIN  
WHEN  
YOU'RE  
NEEDED...

BUT...uh...**TELL** ME... WHEN YOU  
WERE IN THE LIBRARY... WHAT DID  
YOU FIND WRITTEN ABOUT 'EM?



ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING.

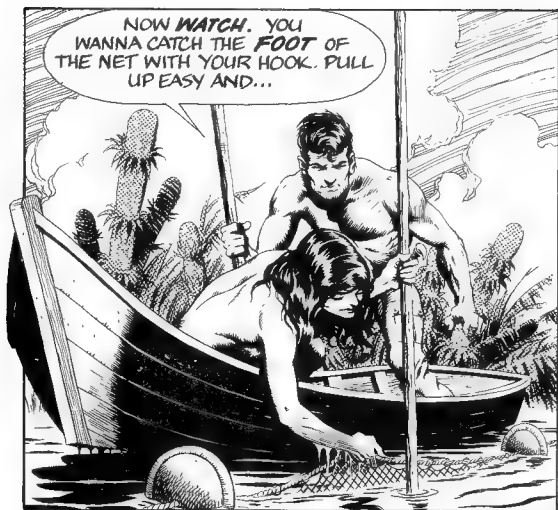
AND NO MENTION  
OF **MOST** OF THE PLANTS  
AND ANIMALS ALIVE  
TODAY.

THE ANCIENTS  
MUST HAVE LIVED  
IN **VERY** BARREN  
TIMES.

YEAH, THE  
LIBRARY WAS  
FASCINATING...  
NOT MUCH WISDOM BUT  
**LOTS** OF  
INFORMATION.



LET'S GO BACK AND  
CHECK OUR OTHER NETS...  
MAYBE WE'VE HAD  
SOME LUCK...





MY LEG...  
GLUB... IT'S GOT  
MY... GLUB... LEG!



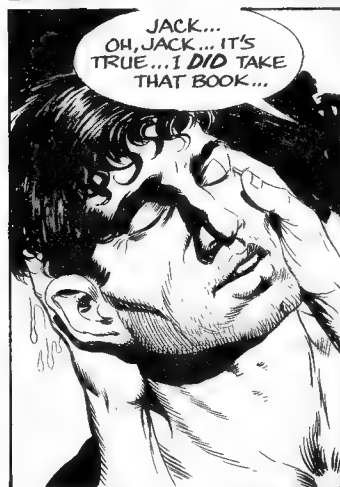
GIVE  
ME YOUR  
HAND...!















IT WAS A CONFUSED, SELF-CENTERED TEXT. WHAT I COULD UNDERSTAND INDICATED THAT THE ANCIENTS WERE AWARE THAT THEY WERE THE **CAUSE** OF THEIR ATMOSPHERE'S DEGENERATION...



...BUT THEY WERE UNABLE TO MAKE CORRECTIONS. A STRANGE, DOOMED PEOPLE.

ANYWAY ...NOW YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOUR COUNCIL.



MAYBE... MAYBE NOT. ALL DEPENDS.

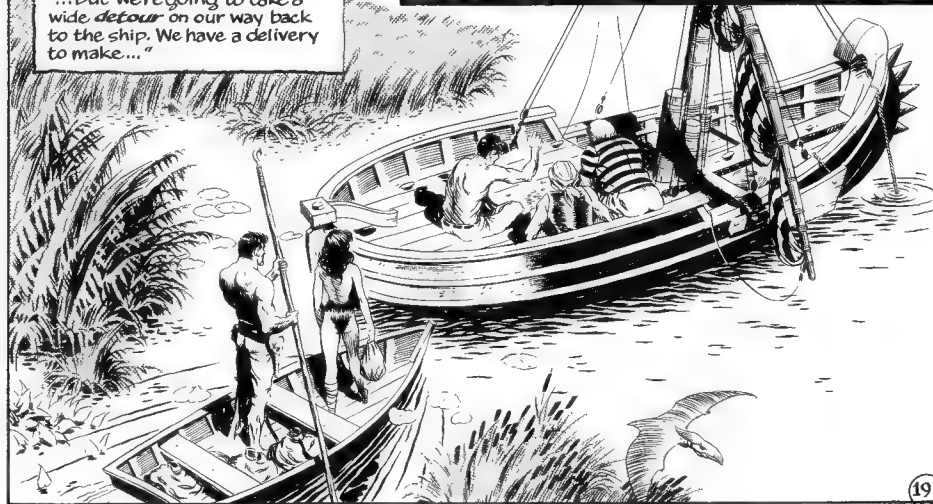
C'MON, LET'S CHECK THAT OTHER NET... **CAREFULLY**. SEA SKRANKS ARE OBVIOUSLY TOUCHY ABOUT SHARING MEALS...



YOU SURE YOU'RE OK?

IF YOU CAN STAND ON THAT LEG, I THINK I CAN STAY AWAKE...

"...But we're going to take a wide **detour** on our way back to the ship. We have a delivery to make..."





**WHUMP**



WELL...  
IMAGINE MEETING  
YOU GOBS OUT  
HERE!

NOW WHY  
DON'T YOU HURRY  
AND GET THAT  
EVIDENCE BACK  
TO THE COUNCIL  
BEFORE IT GOES  
BAD.



TELL  
THEM THEY  
CAN STICK  
IT IN THEIR  
POT AND  
STEW  
IT!

**HA!**

**HA!**

**HA!**

**HA!**



SO JACK...  
WHEN ARE YOU  
GONNA TEACH ME  
TO DRIVE?

**THE END**

# Cover for No. 1 by Steve Rude! Exciting new dimension in comics: *Kings in Disguise* in March!

Coming in **March**, a new dimension in comics: ***Kings in Disguise***, a six issue bi-monthly series.

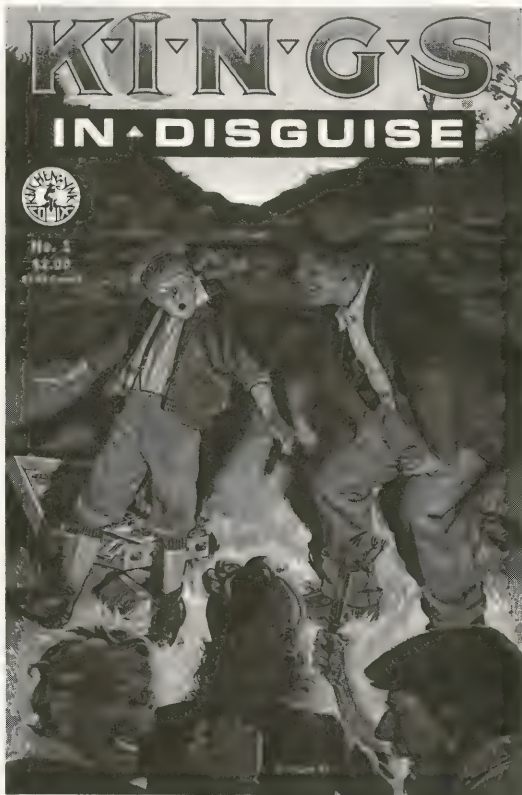
Writer **James Vance** and artist **Dan Burr** tell the story of a boy going on a cross country search for his father during the 1930s Depression. From his idyllic home in California, the boy hops freights and thumbs rides to industrial centers across the country. Along the way, he meets those who want to help him, and those who mean him harm. He comes face to face with real life, both good and bad. He makes the journey from innocence to manhood.

The cover artist for the first issue is Kirby award winner **Steve Rude** of ***Nexus*** and ***Space Ghost*** fame. Rude's painting is a new step in illustration for the artist, and it epitomizes the spirit of ***Kings in Disguise***.

The spirit of ***Kings in Disguise*** is one of exploring new subjects and subject matter in comics. Both Vance and Burr are relatively new to comics, but both are experienced professionals. Vance as a playwright, and Burr as an illustrator. ***Kings in Disguise*** got its start as a play, performed a few years ago in regional theatre. Vance has taken the work and opened it up. The first two issues are an expanded version of the play, and the remaining four issues flesh out and complete the story. There is realistic action and adventure, performed by well-rounded characters. Vance's scripts are accessible and exciting.

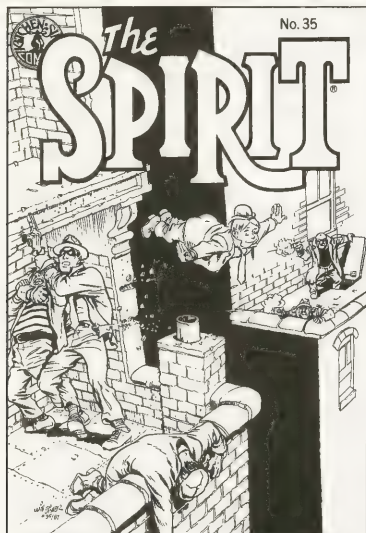
**Dan Burr** is a seasoned magazine and advertising illustrator, who has made a few comic book appearances in the past. His research and the wealth of detail he employs in drawing ***Kings in Disguise*** is revelation!

***Kings in Disguise*** is an exciting new series, and we urge you to try it for yourself! It's coming in **March!**



## ***Kings In Disguise* #2 in May; Cover by Harvey Kurtzman!**

# TWO-FISTED SUBSCRIPTIONS!



## *The Spirit*

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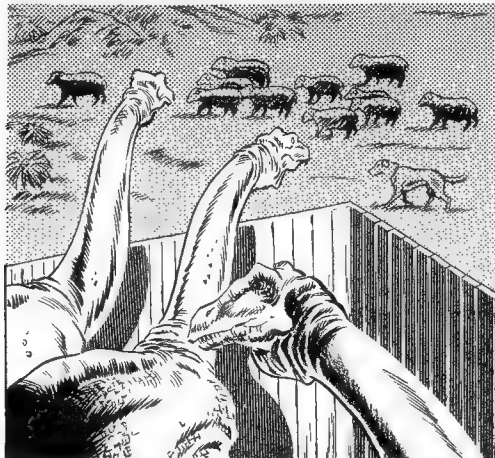
TXAKURRA IS A **FARM DOG** AND THAT MEANT HE MADE DO AS A **STOCK DOG**, A **GUARD DOG**, A **HUNTING DOG**, AND A **RETRIEVER**. IN AN AGE FILLED WITH UNCERTAINTY, **ADAPTABILITY** COUNTS FOR A LOT.

# DOG'S LIFE



HE HERDED THEM OUT PAST THE STOCKYARD WHERE THE BEHEMOTHS GREW FAT FOR SLAUGHTER.

HE HERDED THEM UP INTO THE GRASSY HILLS. FAR BELOW, THE MASTER AND OTHERS TILLED HARSH VOLCANIC SOIL.



AS THE SUN BEGAN TO CLIMB, THE SHEEP SETTLED IN TO GRAZE. TXAKURRA MADE A WIDE CIRCLE AROUND THE FLOCK AND METHODICALLY RESTAKED HIS TERRITORY...



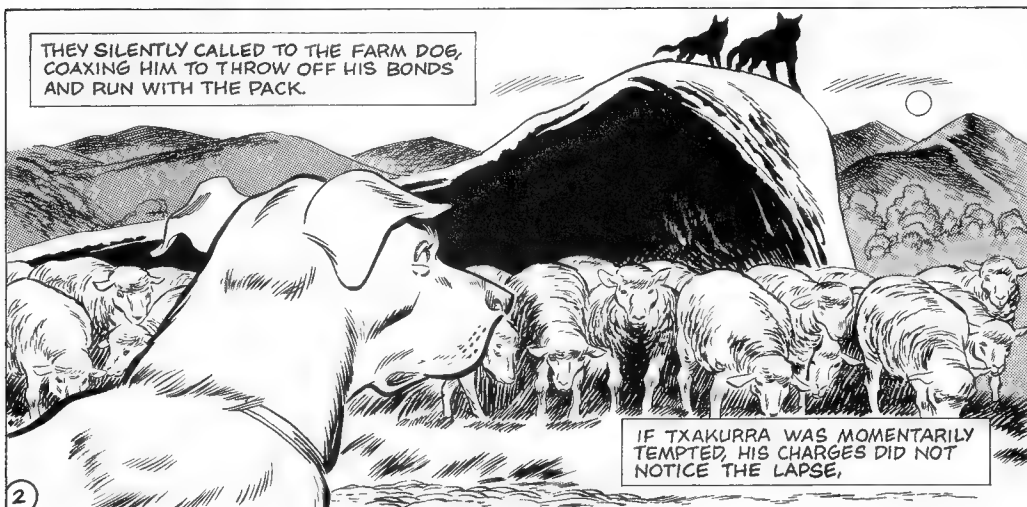
... A *NICETY* SOME OPPORTUNISTS IGNORED.



WHILE IT WAS STILL EARLY, A COUPLE FROM THE LOCAL PACK DRIFTED BY. THEY CAME OFTEN BUT NEVER CLOSE ENOUGH TO UNNERVE THE FLOCK. **THEY** WOULD NEVER CROSS TXAKURRA'S LINE... **THEY** UNDERSTOOD.



THEY SILENTLY CALLED TO THE FARM DOG, COAXING HIM TO THROW OFF HIS BONDS AND RUN WITH THE PACK.

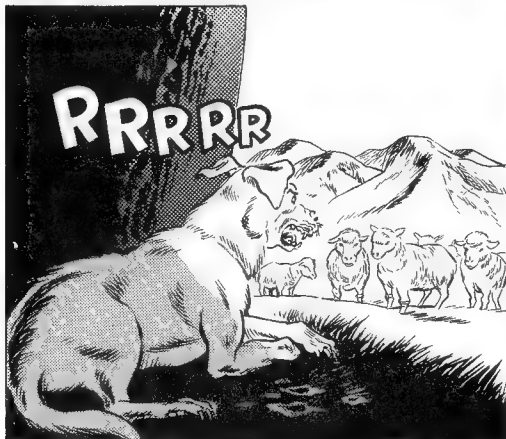


IF TXAKURRA WAS MOMENTARILY TEMPTED, HIS CHARGES DID NOT NOTICE THE LAPSE,

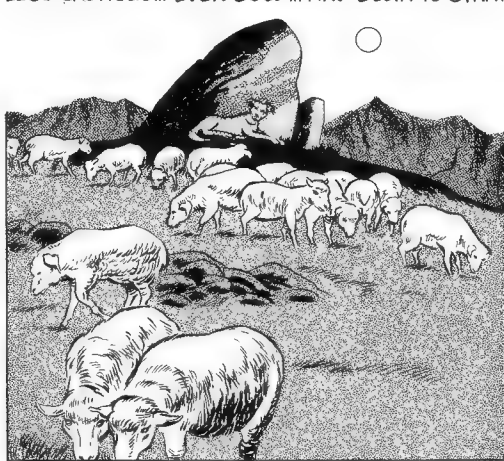
IN THE HEAT OF MIDDAY, MOST PREDATORS DISAPPEAR INTO THE COOL OF THEIR DENS.



TXAKURRA COULD REMEDY THIS WITHOUT MOVING. HE MERELY **PRETENDED** SOME MENACE WAS NEAR...



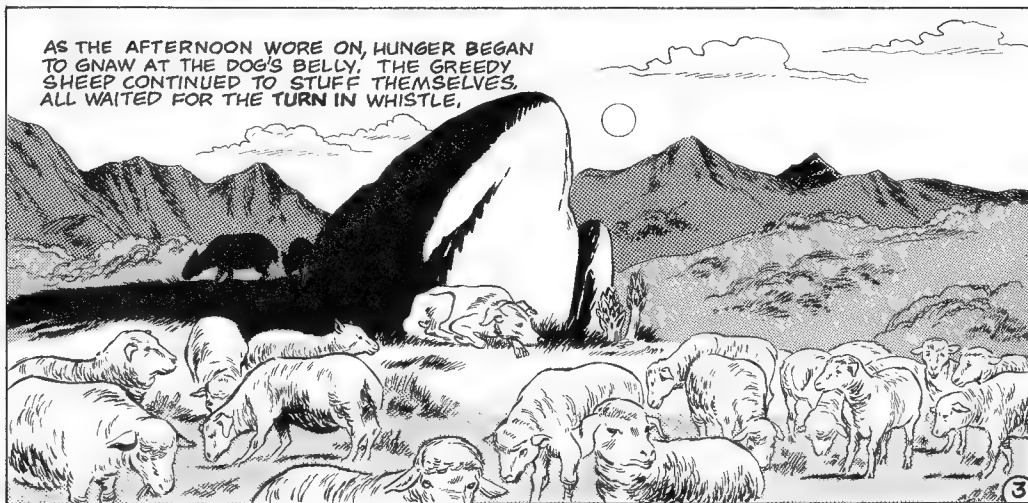
THEN SOMETIMES THE SHEEP WOULD GROW LESS CAUTIOUS... EVEN **BOLD**... AND BEGIN TO STRAY.



... AND THE SHEEP WOULD COME BACK TOGETHER. IT WAS A GOOD JOKE AND EFFECTIVE, THE SHEEP NEVER CAUGHT ON.



AS THE AFTERNOON WORE ON, HUNGER BEGAN TO GNAW AT THE DOG'S BELLY. THE GREEDY SHEEP CONTINUED TO STUFF THEMSELVES. ALL WAITED FOR THE TURN IN WHISTLE.



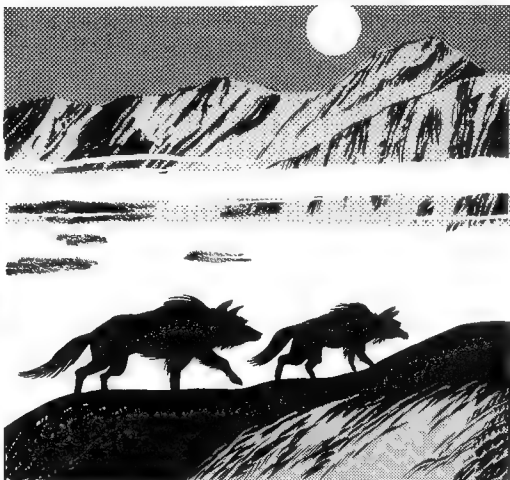




THIS WAS THE MOST **UNEASY** TIME FOR A DOMESTIC IN SUCH CLOSE DAILY CONTACT WITH THE WILD.



THEY CAME AGAIN SHORTLY AFTER MOONRISE.



THEIR SCENT AND THE WEIGHT OF THEIR PRESENCE PRESSED DOWN ON THE FARM DOG.

IN THIS HOUR, WHEN HIS DUTIES WERE CONCLUDED FOR THE DAY, THE HOLES IN HIS LOYALTY WERE FILLED WITH LONGING FOR THE PACK,



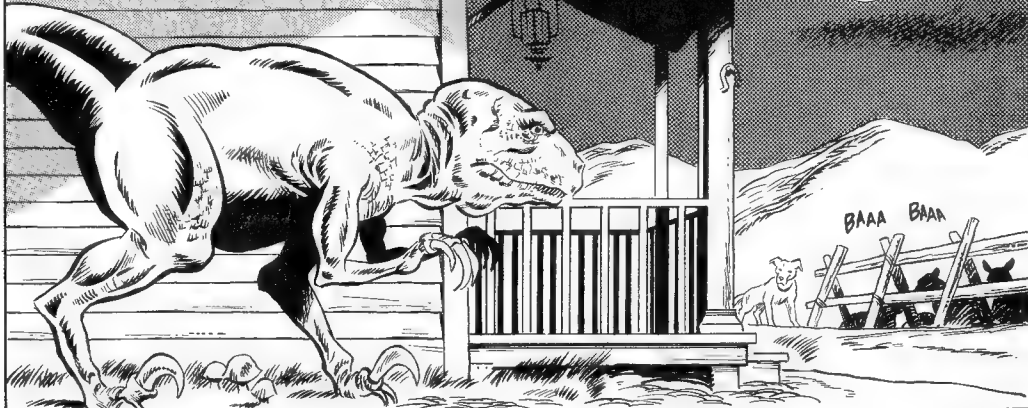
INSTINCTS HELD IN ABEYANCE BEGAN TO WELL UP.

TONIGHT THE **WILD CALL** MIGHT HAVE BURST HIS CHAINS OF SERVITUDE...

...EXCEPT FOR ONE **THING**...



WITH ALL THE STEALTH AND CUNNING OF HIS KIND, THE CUTTER HAD GLIDED INTO THE FARMYARD DOWNWIND FROM THE DOG AND THE FLOCK.



CONFUSED FOR ONLY A SPLIT SECOND, THE DOG CHARGED THE INTRUDER.



NEVER BEFORE HAD THE WARY CUTTER VENTURED THIS CLOSE TO THE HAUNTS OF MEN, HUNTING IN THE HIGH PLAINS HAD BEEN VERY POOR.



ALL MEMORY AND LONGING FOR THE PACK MELTED FROM TXAKURRA AS HE CONFRONTED THIS DANGER TO HIS FLOCK.



HE SOUNDED THE ALARM AND GRIMLY DUG IN TO DIVERT THE BEAST UNTIL HELP ARRIVED.







TXAKURRA QUIETLY NOTED THEIR DISTANT PRESENCE. TOWARDS DAWN HE CAUGHT A LITTLE SLEEP BEFORE STARTING A NEW DAY.





Coming this month:  
*Flash Gordon*, the  
 daily strip produced  
 by Dan Barry and  
 Harvey Kurtzman  
 in 1952. With  
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 Frazetta! 128  
 pages, softcover &  
 signed hardcover.



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only book Caniff has  
ever consented to sign,  
so it's a rare, wonderful  
keepsake from a  
master of the medium!

But that's not the best  
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contain 3 separate and  
complete stories from  
1953 and 1954.  
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Snowflower, Holly  
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& a cast of thousands!

As usual, Caniff  
himself will be talking  
about the adventures  
inside, and, as a  
bonus, the creation of  
the strip itself! *Plus*,  
there'll be promo art  
by Caniff that in-  
troduced *Steve Can-*  
*yon* in 1947!

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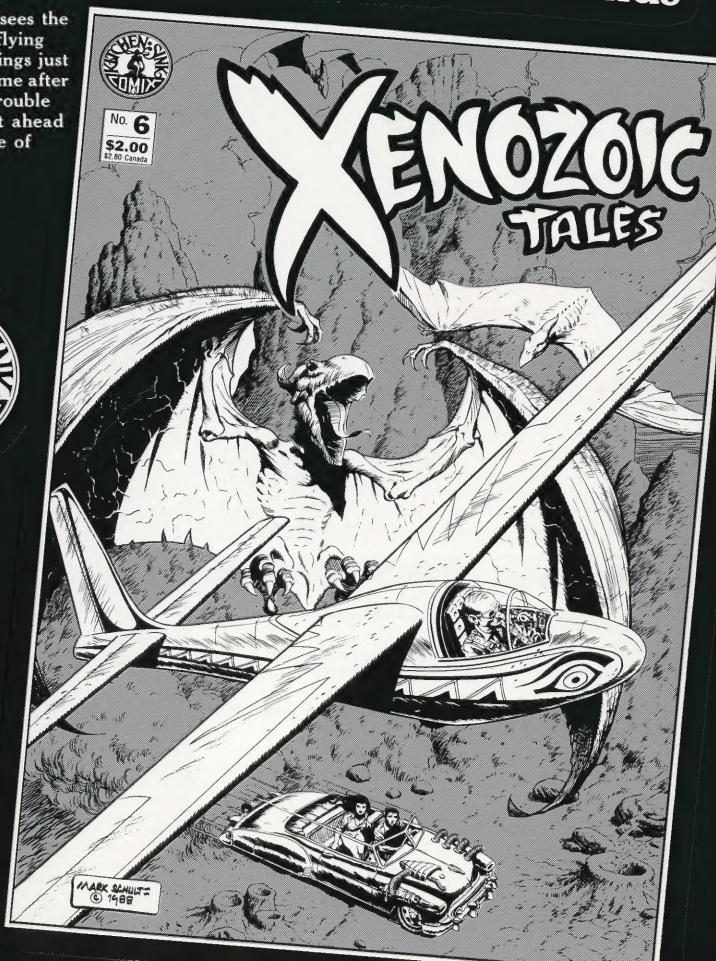
# Next Issue:

In May's issue 6 of Mark Schultz's *Xenozoic Tales* Remfro and Hannah resurrect a sailplane, and Jack helps repair it!

Suddenly, the Xenozoic Age sees the rebirth of the flying human, and things just won't be the same after that. There's trouble and excitement ahead in the new Age of Icarus...

In May!

Sail away with Remfro & friends





**Spirit**  
picture disk:  
**LOOKS** great,  
**SOUNDS** great,  
& it's  
**ON SALE**  
**NOW!**

It's here—Central City's top hit song of 1946 and '47, "Ev'ry Little Bug," written by Will Eisner, along with other great tunes and surprises! It features all-new Eisner art plus the original art for the sheet music, printed on both the front and back of a fine record album, under clear vinyl. Musician and *Spirit* fan John Christensen has filled both sides with great, catchy music, including five versions of "Ev'ry Little Bug," original music tied to *The Spirit* and promo ads from the short-lived 1948 *Spirit* television show! It all comes in a sturdy mylar sleeve and it's at your favorite shop **NOW**, or you can order from us! There's never been anything like this!



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### History of "Ev'ry Little Bug"

The song first saw the light of day in *The Spirit* section of June 9, 1946, in the story "Pool's Toadstool Facial Cream," or "Love Comes to The Spirit." It was written by Will Eisner for Gam, a piano player, to noodle while the action spun around him. The song became a running gag in following sections, being sung by, among others, Parelli (with Italian accent), Murmansk Manny (Russian) and Robert Merrill (light opera). It was finally adopted by *Ebony* as his theme of unrequited love. In "Ev'ry Little Bug," of April 7, 1947, the song was finally set to music, by Bill Harr, and the sheet music was printed at the end of the story. No one has ever recorded the song that was on everyone's lips in Central City in 1946 and 1947—until now!